

THE FARRIER'S DOG AND HIS FELLOW.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Anyhow, we're fellows," he would declare. "We'll fight it out together. And if I go first, or am like to, I'll send you off along ahead of me. But by an easy route, you may make sure of 't. I won't leave you for the boys to worry, that I won't."

It was a well-known thing to him that every time the dog went out with-out his master he was stoned or beaten; and once he had come back with a little patch of his skin burnt off, where some hard-hearted cook had thrown hot water upon him.

"Boys is mean," said the bootblack, when the dog came in with his seal to be doctored; "boys is mean, some boys; but they ain't nigh so mean as cooks is."

VII.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

One morning in spring, when the dog and boy had been fellows for almost a twelve month, the bootblack sat down upon his own empty chair, and thought over his prospects. Things had never looked quite so bad. A boy with a flaming new outfit had opened up a stand at the next corner. His own customers were all stopping there. His chair hadn't had an occupant now for three days, except such as the boy had taken for charity. His rent would soon be falling due, there wasn't a crust in his cupboard.

"See here, now," said he, in a way he had of talking to himself, "see here, now, first thing we know that there dog will starve. He was thinking of the dog, poor fellow, not of himself. And as though his thought might have been a prayer (they very often are, I think), and an answer had been sent at once, at that very moment a gentleman came down the street and stopped.

"Hello," said he, "busy?" "Busy doin' nothin'," said the boy, as he darted down and offered the chair to the gentleman.

"Shine, sir?" "He brushed away industriously, and so carefully that the man took note of him after awhile, and of the yellow curly ring near by intently watching the operation, as though he understood the dog, and was coming nearer and nearer with every movement of his good fellow's arm.

"Is that your dog?" said the stranger. "That's my pardner, sir," with very honest pride in the statement. "Your partner, eh? And where did you pick him up?"

"Right there on that identical spot where he's a-lyin'," was the reply. "I sort of rescued him from the mob, so to speak. If you doubts it, ask him. He's a nice dog, if the boys would let him be. But boys is mean: some boys. Now, I tell you, a good dog is better company than a bad boy, times out o' mind. They worries that dog a mighty nigh to death, just because he's astray, and nobody's over him, times out o' mind. That's the way boys is, some boys. Crink there knows, don't you, son?" The dog looked and wagged his bushy tail.

"We're fellows," the boy went on. "That there dog and me are fellows: we's both had a tolerable steep hill to climb. He's got sense, though, I tell you. He knows this here shine means beef for supper, hey, Crink?" They talked on until the boots had been carefully polished: the customer hadn't said much, just enough to make the bootblack talk. He liked the boy, somehow. So when this new acquaintance left the chair he put a half dollar in the boy's hand.

"Never mind now about the change," said he, "but go and spend every cent of it for a supper for you—You—Yellows!" He pointed to the dog, and before the astonished bootblack had recovered his breath the man was gone. Then the boy turned to the dog:

"Never you mind, son," said he, "when this day's work is done, and us 'fellows' go home by way of the baker's and butcher's—yum! yum!" But when the day was over, and they started home, the boy was not pleased to see a big, brawny stranger dogging their footsteps. He turned into several by-alleys, in order to make perfectly sure the strange man was following him; yes, it was quite clear: there could be no mistake about it. When he stopped at the baker's and looked over his shoulder, there the man was, so near that he hurried off without the bread he had come to buy. The same thing was repeated at the butcher's. The bootblack was almost frightened.

"This won't do," said he to the dog. "That there man knows about that

there fifty cents. Us fellows has got to dodge."

Yet, dodge as they would, and did, when they reached home, there was the big stranger close behind them. The boy went in, to the dog at his heels, and drew the door fast behind him.

"There's the money," said he, laying it upon the table. "He can have it, if he's half as hungry as we've been this day. Crink. But I misdoubts it's the money he's wantin'." Here, sir, the dog crept right under there. The dog crept behind a box in the corner, and the boy threw over him the clothes and that had made their common bed. He had scarcely done so when a knock sounded upon the door. It was a loud knock, as though made by a strong hand. He went at once and opened the door. Just as he thought, there stood the man who had been following him. He was a big, brown fellow, and wore a suit of country jeans. His face was tanned, and his beard long and bushy; yet, to the bootblack's keen eye something appeared that was not cruelty, by any means. Still, he considered, it might be as well to be cautious. He put on his very bravest air as he demanded:

"Well, now, what's wanted here?" The visitor pushed his hat back, and mopped his brow, trying the while to peep into the room. The boy was as determined that he should not do as the man was to see.

"Have you, said he, hesitating, "have you seen—a—a dog?"

"Many's the one, pard," said the bootblack, as bravely as he could; for somehow he instinctively felt that, at last, the parting, which he had ever feared must sooner or later come, was at hand. His heart was thumping like a sledge-hammer, though he stood bravely in the doorway, a hand on either hintel, watching the face of the man before him.

VIII.

TO THE GREEN HILLS.

It was a great pity the bootblack had not much appetite that evening, for it was a goodly meal the farmer ordered at the little restaurant around the corner of a quiet street not far away. There were meaty potatoes and fresh yellow butter, and a steaming stock with savory onions, and a pudding. But somehow the boy's hunger was gone. Baydaw, sat on his haunches, between the two, watching with happy eyes first one and then the other, and wagging his tail whenever his old master put out his hand to stroke his yellow coat. The farmer did most of the talking. The boy watched him, much the same as he had watched the little lady in gray who had helped him to remove the dog that day in August.

He was a fine judge of faces; and a man's manner soon opened the lad's eyes as to the manner of the man's character. He was not long in making out, in a perfectly satisfactory way to his own mind, that the farmer would do. The knowledge, however, for with it came also the reflection that he ought honestly to turn the dog over to his proper owner.

When the meal was finished, and the bootblack had gathered up a bountiful repast for the dog, the two went back to the little house that had made a pretense of a home for the bootblack.

"Don't fight your candle yet," said the smith. "It is a fine moonlight, and we'll just sit here in the door and talk a bit."

So they did; though it was the farmer who did most of the talking. "Now that there dog," said he, "come a-mighty nigh a-bein' drowned once!" and then he told the story of the little boy who had interested in the cur's behalf. He told all about the visit to the shop, all about his own lonely life, his house that had neither wife nor children to make it glad, and how the dog had been like a human being for company after the little boy went away.

"He give it to me," said he. "He sent for me when he was dyin' and give it back to me; because he allowed as I'd be good to it, and love it because it had been his dog. And I meant to, Lord love you, I meant to. But you see it was this way."

Then he told how he was called away one morning to see a sick brother at a little town two miles distant, how the brother died, and he himself was taken sick with the same disease, and did not know his name for two whole weeks.

"And how the dog had been left at home guarding the shop; how he must have waited and waited, almost have starved to death; for the big house on the hill was closed, and the owners gone away, else he had been locked after. And how, at last, he must have left and wandered on until he came to the town where the bootblack had rescued him from the mob of boys. Then he told of the pleasant village in which he lived, and of the beautiful country around.

"Green hills that look down upon the blooming valleys, and rivers that flow right along," said he.

"Rivers that flow right along," said the bootblack, born and brought up in the city's dusty heart, had heard of them, the beautiful rivers; and the green hills that looked down upon them; he had heard of them—dreamed of them sometimes, upon his pallet of old rags, or in his empty chair on the pavement, in the hot sun of a summer's day. Dreamed of these beautiful things that a dog might have, but not a boy—alas for it!

"He's the only friend I've got," he said, when they sat silent a moment, each face showing distinct in the moonlight, the dog curled up at their feet, unconscious that his own destiny was being swung in the balance.

"He's the only friend I've got, that there dog is, and we're fellows. Him and me is fellows: we ain't got nobody but just one mother; least I ain't."

"They'll be good to him, them there folks," the little kid's boy said. "They'd give a hundred dollars to have him in their kennel this minute, they would," said the smith. "It seems," said the bootblack, "as though some o' his folks had died, and left him a lump. I heard of a boy like that once; but I never knowed if 'twas true. Such a thing don't happen often, I reckon. And now it has happened to a dog. I'd ought to let him go, I know. The boys rock him, and he don't git enough to eat always. And it's hot, mighty hot here. And there ain't no 'rivers that flow, and all that. And I reckon I don't deserve him now; 'cause once I didn't divide fair when we was both hungry. I took half a pone now'n I give him, I was that hungry. And there he'll git enough, always enough to eat, and a good bed to sleep in. Maybe the crink'll come back to his tail real good. I'd ought to let him go."

He was silent, watching the moonlight where it fell upon a heap of rubbish, old glass, ashes, and tin cans. But they glimmered and shone; yet he knew that in the daylight the sun made that heap a sickening thing; hot, and full of unhealthy odors.

"You're do just as you like," said the farmer, as though he didn't know, from the moment he looked into the boy's face, just what he would do. There are some open faces, like the boy's, behind which there is always an honest heart, you may be sure of that. The boy didn't notice the interruption. He was making comparisons: here was a rubbish heap, the hot sun in summer, and the biting wind in winter, the empty cupboard, the dry crust, the rocks, and the taunts of the street gamins. Yonder, where he might go, this good dog of his, was food in plenty, a bed, and somehow, it rang in his ears, what the farmer had said about the hills and the rivers:

"He's the only friend I've got; and we're—fellows."

The bootblack buried his little face in his arms, crossed his knees. "Please, then," said the farmer, "we'll say no more about it. If you're fond of him you'll do the best you can for him, and I reckon the little one would be satisfied if he knew; maybe he does know; it ain't for me to say."

The bootblack lifted his head. He was a lonely little fellow; he had always been lonely. In his poor little life he had never had anything to love until this yellow cur had drifted into his life upon the waters of misfortune. Alas for it! that struggling humanity, innocent childhood, should be reduced to the love of a dog.

The boy straightened himself, and looked the farmer in the eye. "I ain't the only friend I've got," he said, "to keep a good dog out of a good home. You take him along. Maybe the little kid who loved him does know about it. If he does, I'd like him to know I give him up for his good. You take him along."

The farmer rose, and shook himself, and called to the dog stretched out in the silver moonlight:

"Baydaw, come, sir!" The dog rose, and shook himself. The boy rose, too; there was going to be a parting. The boy didn't like that. He turned his back, and without looking at his old friend, he said that the farmer could just go out that other door, and he reckoned the dog would follow.

He did so. He understood that the boy did not want to have a scene, and he thought himself that was the best thing to do.

"I reckon now," he told himself, as he passed down the pavement, with Baydaw at his heels, "I reckon now I'm making a great goose of myself over a dog." He turned, and looked back. The boy was standing where he had left him, a lonely little figure in the great waste of the city, the boy who had rescued the dog. He wondered if some day some good heart would not come along that way and rescue the boy. Then the good farmer stopped: there was an empty chair at his place, there was a bed that nobody occupied, and the old shop would be less dreary for a young face to shine there. There are many, many young faces in the city, faces that might shine in the old shop, but that would grow hard and grimy with the sin of the city. One less would never be noticed, but what a difference it would make to the owner of the face. The good farmer looked again at the desolate open door in the moonlight. Then he strode swiftly back and confronted the astonished boy:

"I say, there, dang it all! you come, too!" And, an hour later, they three started for the green hills, and the rivers that flow right along: the farmer, the dog, and his fellow.

THE END.

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NEW LIGHT ON WISEMEN.

Life of the First Great Archbishop of Westminster by Wilfrid Ward.

The life of the first great Archbishop of Westminster is published to-day, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal. We have had to wait many years for this biography; but in view of other experiences it may be thought that to secure a calm and settled estimate of a great churchman's career, and to judge impartially of his motives and actions, the ashes of past controversies should be allowed to grow cool and the intensity of personal feeling to wane, before admitting the world to an acquaintance it may be ill-qualified to form. Cardinal Wiseman gains, instead of losing, by the decent silence maintained so long beside his grave. And now that his biography has come to be written, he is fortunate also in his biographer. Wilfrid Ward is a Catholic writer of sound judgment, wise discretion and established repute. He is well versed in the history of the Catholic movement in England during the present century. His interest in it is hereditary, and the son of the great editor of the Dublin Review is well qualified to write history of the churchman, who, under Providence, was the means of leading the Tractarians and their fellows to reconciliation with the church of their forefathers.

The conversion of England had long been the dominant idea of Dr. Wiseman's life. His sanguine Celtic temperament saw hope and promise where to others there was no such prospect. His early training and associations, no less than his natural disposition, enabled him to bring to the task which he set himself a robust faith in its fulfilment than was possible to the English Catholics who had so long lived in an atmosphere of repression and inferiority. The position of the Roman Catholics in England when Dr. Wiseman first came into prominence in the ecclesiastical world was something very different from what it is now, when the outburst of 1850 would be no longer possible. The spiritual tendencies of the time are different, and Dr. Wiseman's keen insight was shown fifty years later on one occasion that it would be called upon to prove the existence of God rather than to justify the particular doctrines of the Church. When Wiseman paid his first visit to England in 1835, he had a very imperfect idea of the position of his co-religionists, among whom the old habits of a proscribed sect still clung.

"Catholics," he wrote, "had just emerged from the catacombs." They were slow to avail themselves of the new rights conferred upon them by the emancipation act. "The older Catholics," says Mr. Ward, "were both un-fitted and indisposed to mingle with their fellow countrymen, as though there had been no past history of wrongs, and at once to join with them in carrying on the affairs of the nation. And every younger man—such is the nature of family tradition—could not immediately profit by the new legislation. There was needed for them to emerge from the habits of thought which had become hereditary. The sense of hopeless inequality survived when the reality had in great measure passed away." The ecclesiastical authorities themselves discouraged their flocks from taking part in public life, and Mr. Ward gives us a pastoral letter issued by Bishop Bramston on New Year's day, 1830, which emphatically warns English Catholics of the dangers and temptations arising from the new state of things. There was some excuse for this timidity.

"Men were alive in 1835 in whose childhood Father Moloney was imprisoned for no other offence than saying Mass. [The sentence was afterward] commuted to banishment. Lord Shrewsbury could tell Dr. Wiseman, when he visited him at Alton Towers, how his own great uncle, Bishop Talbot, was informed against for the same offence and brought to trial. Old Dr. Archer, who died in 1835, would describe the days when Bishop Challoner, forbidden to preach publicly, although he was allowed to say Mass under the protection of the Sardinian embassy, would do his lively sermons in a cockpit hired for the occasion. Sometimes he would assemble a little public house, each ordering a power pot of beer, and then when the waiters left the room would

preach in comparative safety. Clay pipes were added as an additional precaution when the more dangerous experiment of a meeting of the clergy was attempted. Dr. Archer used to describe a similar stratagem when he himself preached at the Ship public house in Turnstile."

There are a good many people in Wingham who have been rescued from similar dangers and they are the warmest supporters of the movement. Statistics have been compiled showing that of every ten deaths, in this country, nine are caused by some form of Kidney Disease. This is all to be changed.

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There are a good many people in Wingham who have been rescued from similar dangers and they are the warmest supporters of the movement. Statistics have been compiled showing that of every ten deaths, in this country, nine are caused by some form of Kidney Disease. This is all to be changed.

Since the discovery of the famous cure for Kidney Diseases the number of deaths from these causes has been greatly reduced. This cure—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is being used with the most wonderful success throughout Canada. It has the record of never having failed.

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